WOMAN'S EDITION.

The North Platte Semi-Weekly Tribune.

WOMAN'S EDITION.

"I TOLD YOU SO."

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Our Pioneer Women.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. W. M. HINMAN.

The following are a few facts concerning some of our "pioneer" women that may be of interest to the readers of the Woman's Edition of THE TRIBUNE:

About 1867, besides the people passing through who stayed for only a short time, and a few others, the following gentlemen with their wives, constituted nearly all the population of North Platte:—Mell Brown, Daugherty, Russell, Peniston, Wyman, Austin, Miller, M. C. Keith, Klein, Lew Baker, Chas. McDonald, Moran, B. I. Hinman and W. M. Hinman.

There were also two young women, Mormons, who married men named Perry and Landgraber, and subsequently moved to Salt Lake. Their marriage was the first to occur in North Platte, it being performed by W. M. Hinman in June, 1867, in the old U. P. hotel before its completion.

One of our pioneer women, Mrs. Moran, mother of Mrs. Syl Friend and Mrs. Jos. Fillion met with a sad death. While riding with her husband along the road behind a wagon containing three or four men, she was accidentally shot in the forehead by one of the men who had raised his gun to shoot at an antelope.

Another sad incident was the murder of Miss Kate Manning, May 9th, 1871, on her claim, now Struthers' Point. Her brother Pete Manning was supposed to have done the deed, but it was never proved against him. He had "jumped" her claim and she had gone down to hold it. She was the first woman buried in our cemetery.

Our first woman school teacher was Mrs. Gilman, then Miss Mary Hubbard. School was held in the old log school house now standing on the corner of Spruce and Fifth street. Here also was held the first Sunday-school, Mrs. Cogswell being superintendent. On the first Sunday the only others present were Lucy Daugherty, now Mrs. J. M. Ray, and Mollie Keith. Thinking of this we can look on the Sunday-schools of to-day with increased interest. Mrs. Cogswell was also the prime mover in the building of the Unitarian hall and she herself held services there for a number of years.

Mrs. Chas. McDonald is certainly one of our pioneer women, she being the first married woman this side of Kearney. Her eldest son, W. H. McDonald, was the first white child born in the county, then called Shorter county. Vaughan Hinman has the honor of being the first child born in North Platte. Mrs. McDonald first went to housekeeping in the house now owned by Mrs. Matthews on Front street.

Miller and Peniston had their store and lived in the building now occupied by McDonald's grocery store, while Mrs. W. M. Hinman first lived in the building now occupied by Bogue's confectionery store, and later, on selling out to Lew Baker, moved into the little house now owned by Chas. Wood, just east of the Second ward school building. This house then stood on the corner of Spruce and Sixth streets.

A number of incidents could be told of how these, as well as others of our pioneer women lived, their encounters with the Indians, and many other things doubly interesting to us, who have lived so long in the town and have seen its growth through so many years.

MRS. CODY'S PIONEER DAYS.

No record of our pioneer women would be complete without the name of Mrs. W. F. Cody, whose history is so closely connected with the history of our city.

Mrs. Cody came to the west with her husband and little daughter from St. Louis in November, 1870, and for three years lived at Fort McPherson, experiencing all the excitements and dangers of frontier garrison life. Her home was the typical log cabin of the prairies, built on the reservation, although not within the fort inclosure, and many were the hardships which the young wife was destined to experience.

The fort at that time had seen the worst days of Indian warfare, but even then the life there was not wholly devoid of excitement. There were the scouts constantly coming and going; unexpected visits from Pawnees and Sioux to guard against; and the frequent departure of the garrison troops equipped for skirmish. Often the little fort would be thrown into confusion in the night-time by the bugle call, and then would follow the hasty gathering together of troops, and the quick sally out upon the dark prairies. Worse still would be the return from the skirmish, the ranks thidned, the soldiers who remained weak and weary from the long march, and some with the hostile Indian arrows protruding from their arms.

Life at the garrison had its bright as well as its dark side at that early time, and Mrs. Cody had many amusing incidents to relate of her life there. At one time the Colonel had invited a number of his personal friends from the east and the officers of the fort to dinner. Mrs. Cody had exerted herself to have as ample a feast as the limited resources of the fort would allow, so great was her dismay when, after greeting her guests, she entered the kitchen and found a band of Sioux eating the elaborate dinner with great relish and lack of ceremony. The Colonel's guests were forced to retreat to the fort for their dinner party that day.

To compensate for the hardships of fort life at that time, the climate in the early seventies was superb. The winters were unusually mild and pleasant and it was possible to take long, exhilerating canters over the prairies any day during the entire season. Nevertheless, Mrs. Cody was not very sorry when the time came to leave the fort at the end of three years, and she could return to more civilized life in the east. However, fate did not permit her to remain there long, for in '79 she again followed her husband into the west, and for sixteen years she has made our city her home.

MRS. CHAS. M'DONALD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY DAYS.

In August, 1861, Mrs. McDonald joined her husband upon his claim. This was three years before Fort McPherson was established upon land bought of him. She had come by stage coach to Fort Kearney, stopping there several months. Gen. Hooker then running the stage line. It was during the "June rise" of the Platte that her sister and herself with their babies attempted to ford the river and were only saved from drowning by the intervention of eight mounted men acting as guides for the coach across the river. It was customary in those days to carry a skiff attached to the coach. The river was also crossed in places by means of pontoon bridges. The buffaloes were so thick oftentimes as to stop the stage coach.

Cottonwood Springs then contained two houses—stores owned by Frenchmen who were traders, both unmarried. Mrs. McDonald was then said to be the best looking woman in the town, and was called by the Indians Milla-huska or white squaw.

This was the period of the Pike's Peak gold fever, and thousands of teams passed every week of the summer, from May to September, hauling freight to Denver and other points. Occasionally Mormon trains would pass, distinguished by the women hauling the goods in hand carts, while the men leisurely walked alongside.

The Indians—Sioux, Ogalallas, Pawnees and Brules—were very numerous then. They could always tell by the howling of the wolves at night when the Indians were coming. They came up often by the hundreds, braves and squaws to trade. In order to get their trade, rival store-keepers were obliged to advertise their wares then, as now, in the form of what they called a "feast." It consisted chiefly of ah-wha-a'-pah and paw-shu-taw-sap'-pah (bread and cofiee), followed, always, by a dance. Then the men went into the store, crowding it, sometimes fifty at a time, while the women sat without forming a circle. The trader was expected to go out with a sack each of flour, meal, etc., and give to each squaw as many cupsfull of the article as she chose to demand, (from two to ten), which she then proceeded to tie up in her dirty blanket until each was hung round with funny little loppy bags. Of course the trader who provided the best feast got the trade for that time—the men then smoking the che'-no-pah.

In '62 there came rumors of the Indians being on the war-path, which seemed reasonable on account of the greater number of Indians prowling about; so that the usual peecautions were doubled, guards being placed about house, store, corrals and garden. The garden was a nice one, though it NEVER rained in those days. The Indians would come about the houses, darkening the windows, and even prying them up with their tomahawks. One particularly savage old chief came and sat himself down in the kitchen, sullenly refusing to stir, finally brandishing his hatchet about Mrs. McDonald's head to her greatest consternation. She had heard heard that an Indian brave felt disgraced if attacked by a woman with a piece of wood, so instantly seized a couple of pieces of stove-wood, shaking them at the Indian who incontinently fled. She was not bothered again, tho' often dressed sticks with hats and coats to simulate men and placed them at the windows.

At another time of trading, the squaws made themselves objectionable by darkening the windows on an ironing day, so much so that no work could be done. Knowing their horror of the effects of drink, she asked her girl help to bring her some tea, which she poured from a bottle and drank at intervals, imitating the performances of a drunken person the while. In the shortest possible time the premises were clear of the women.

When her eldest child was a babe of six months or so, a brave buck, handsomely mounted, rode up to her door and demanded, quite civilly, her baby to take to camp three miles away. In consternation, but with great appearance of appreciating the honor eone her, she got ready the baby and handed him over, the Indian promising to return him at sunset. She immediately notified her husband who sent one of his clerks to look after cattle about the camp and incidentally visit it during the afternoon. He found the child asleep upon a new and spotless robe, as well cared for as if at home. However, Mrs. McDonald added, this did not include the keeping of his attire nor the odors attached from his short residence among the Indians. (Mrs. McDonald here intimated that Indians were never too poor to have a scent.) This visit ever after insured freedom from molestation by the Indians to Mr. W. H. McDonald, the infant aforesaid, and wholly removed the mother's fear that he might be stolen.

Mrs. McDonald's memories of the year '64, when the Indians were really on the war path, included the well-known dreadful massacre of a whole train of ten wagons or more at Plum Creek. The only survivors were a boy named Marble and a lady whose name she had forgotten. These were taken captive and twenty-four hours later fell in with a band of Indians who had as captives four women, survivors of the wholesale massacre on the Little Blue. After a year of wandering with the Indians, down into Mexico and into the far west, after frequent fruitless efforts at escape, they were ransomed by the government. It was while on her way home that the lady stopped at the home of Mrs. McDonald, detailing her awful sufferings and her wise determination to be friendly with the Indians so as to insure good treatment. She described their method of having women "run the gauntlet," by placing them upon mules or ponies never before ridden by a woman, then trying to make the animals throw them. This ordeal she had undergone successfully four times. It was the habit of the Indians, upon releasing prisoners to give them slow poison to insure their ultimate death; so that the boy died almost at once in Denver, the lady living a year or more after reaching her home at Glenwood, Iowa.

Fashions for Men.

Black trousers will be worn shiny this spring.

Overcoats are much worn, especially at the elbows.

Fringe is frequently seen at the bottom of the trousers this season.

Sack coats will be worn much longer because the wearers are shorter than usual.

Checks for business men are in great demad, especially bank checks.

To prevent trousers "bagging" at the knees, wear them reversed every other day.

The best way to press your suit is to get on your knees.

In calling, a gentleman leave one of his own cards for each lady in the family, one of his fathers and grandfathers for each married lady, one of his mothers and grandmothers for each gentleman and if there is a maiden aunt in the family a card of his brother should be left. —Woman's Edition Lincoln Call.

Correspondence.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

We left Nebraska the 1st of October, 1894, for California, in quest of a climate more agreeable to live in than the former place had proven for the past few years. We bade our home, friends and relatives good-bye, and wended our way westward over the Union Pacific to Ogden, and from there the Central or Southern Pacific to Los Angeles.

Although we had crossed the grand old Rockies before, the scenery was ever new and always to be admired. The fifth morning after leaving home we found ourselves in Sacramento, the capital of California. We took breakfast and as our train stopped for three hours we got to see part of the city. It has a population of about 30,000, a fine capital building and many broad beautiful streets. Near Sacramento is where the first gold in California was found.

After our stop we started south to Los Angeles, through the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. The valleys are rich and fertile, and are noted for their great amount of fruit growing and drying, also for their immense wheat fields. We took supper at Fresno, where so many raisins are made and where the thermometer stands from 110 to 120 degrees in the shade for weeks during the summer.

We passed through Tehachapai pass during the night so we missed the fine scenery there that we had read so much of.

The morning of the sixth day landed us in Los Angeles, the city of our destination. We were met by friends with whom we spent three pleasant months. Words will fail to describe the picture I have in my mind of the loveliest city in California. It is a veritable paradise with its flowers, fruit, palm trees and endless variety of evergreens, with the Sierra Madra mountains capped with snow for a background. It is the commercial metropolis of Southern California, and has a population of about 75,000.

Should you take a carriage and tell your driver you want to see the city, he will take you down Broadway and Spring streets, show you the fine business blocks, a $200,000 city hall, the city library and the chamber of commerce with its endless display of fruit. He will next point out to you a $500,000 court house on Temple Ave., the State Normal school building, the public school buildings and the Casa de Rosas or Frobel Institute at the corner of Adams and Hoover Sts.

You will now go to the old Spanish portion of the city, and see the adobe buildings over 100 years old and still inhabited by Spaniards. The adobe was not an institution of Spain. That, the Don learned in America. The word adobe itself (although its etymology has never been proven) has suspicious earmarks of being an aboriginal American word.

You are next taken to China town, providing you wish to go. We preferred viewing it from afar as we had visited a similar place in San Francisco nine years before.

West Lake park is next visited and we see there the banana plant with its huge bunches of bananas on. If you will look closely perhaps you will find a tarantula hidden among the fruit, as there are plenty of them in California.

The papyrus plant, or Egyptian reed from which paper was manufactured up to the Twelfth century will be seen on the borders of the lake. The stem or stalk from ten to fifteen feet high, is crowned with a tuft of long wiry grass that falls gracefully around it. To-day it is only known as a beautiful decorative plant.

We are now driven along some of the broad avenues and streets, among them Figureoa, Adams and Twenth-seventh. These are lined with the palm, the pepper tree with its graceful boughs and bright berries, the tall eucalyptus tree that sheds its bark yearly instead of its leaves, the acacia, camphor, agave and the handsomest tree of all, the magnolia. The residences are surrounded by flowers. The ever blooming rose creeping to the roofs, the fushia doing likewise, and geraniums grows to small trees.

San Pedro street leads us out to large orange, lemon, olive and almond groves. Orange is king and to those brought up in the east orange growing has a deep facination. Southern Californians of long adoption come to find it a twice told tale; but to those residing in other portions of the United States the topic is always fresh and interesting. The Los Angeles orange is too sour to suit the average person, owing to the coolness of the climate. You must go to Redlands or Riverside to find such as you have never tasted before. In a recent favorable season the output has amounted to over 6,000 carloads, or over 2,000,000 boxes, with not less than $3,000,000 on the trees.

We now return home delighted with the city and determined to take many more such rides.

Woolen clothing is worn by nearly all the year around, and wraps are worn mornings and evenings at all seasons. It is not cold but it feels cold. The variation in temperature between sunshine and dark is startling for so mild a climate. The only unpleasant feature of the climate to us was the fog, which so often persisted in coming in in the evening and staying in until ten and eleven o'clock the next day, for days at a ttme. To one so unacustomed to moisture, it was rather chilling on the affection for California.

Living expenses are perhaps one fourth higher there than here. Fresh vegetables and fruit can be had the year around. A little fire is needed nearly every day during winter months as that is the rainy season.

A few minutes' ride will take you to the grand old Pacific, where you may take a ride on her waters if you like, gather shells if there has been a storm, go in bathing or sit and listen to the ever splashing water against the rocks.

We made a short visit to Pasadena, a suburb of Los Angeles. It is situated in the San Gabriel valley at the foot of the mountains, and is the home of many wealthy people, who have their places of business elsewhere. It is the home of Prof. Lowe, the founder of Mt. Lowe Railway on Mt. Wilson. At the summit of the great cable incline is the Lowe observatory, presided over by the astronomer, Dr. Lewis Swift. Mrs. Thompson, a daughter of John Brown of Civil war fame, has her home here.

The last two months of our stay in California was in Redlands, sixty miles from Los Angeles, in San Bernardino valley, almost surrounded by mountains and has a delightful winter climate.

The scenery is grand beyond discription. The mountains are covered with snow the greater part of the year, while the flowers bloom, the trees yield their fruit and all nature is gay in the valley.

Mt. San Jacinto standing alone to the southeast of Redlands ever reminds us of Helen Hunt Jackson—of Ramona and her love—her joys and her sorrows. Across the San Jacinto river we see the Indian village Saboba, where for a little time this devoted pair, Ramona and her Indian husband Alessandro, dwelt peacefully though not securely. Two hundred Indians live here in adobe huts surrounded by hedges of prickly pear.

From good authority we learned that three of the characters in that book of H. H. J. still live—Ramona in Mexico, the Indian woman at Saboba, who befriended the child-wife and mother, and the man who, for gain, killed Alessandro.

Redlands was so called from the color of its soil.

Pomona, Ontario, San Gabriel, Colton, San Bernardino, Riverside and Highlands were only viewed from a car window, so we will not tell you any thing about them, and I am sure you are pleased as my letter is getting lengthy.

After trying California climate five months we decided that Nebraska climate, with all of its imperfections, suited us better to live in; so we bade our relatives and friends bood-bye with many regrets at leaving them and turned our faces homeward.

We chose the Santa Fe route home for the reason that we had never before taken that line and thought it would be preferable in early spring, owing to the deep snows in the mountains farther north. A few hours' ride took us away from the flowers and fruit, through Cajon pass and over the mountains into the Majare dessert. Here the cactus, sage and greasewood grow; and the tree-like yucca palm, bristling with daggers on every limb.

We read our guide-book telling us of the beautiful scenery all along the line and we looked for it in Arizona, in New Mexico and in southern Colorado, but we nexer saw it. Still our trip was not without interest. Near Flagstaff, Arizona, they rudely ran our train off the track at 6:30 in the morning, badly wrecking three sleepers. Many of the passengers were thrown through windows, cutting them badly and bruising them up in general. The writer escaped with only one slight bruise and a goodly amount of astonishment at being treated so. Medical aid soon arrived and all were made as comfortable as circumstances would allow. After a delay of nine hours we were taken to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and there taken on another train.

Shortly after crossing the Colorado line our train was help-up by a number of men (we only saw three) with their faces covered. They kept us perhaps ten minutes, then let us go. Aside from a good fright we were none the worse for our stop, as they did not offer to molest the passengers. Our next trip to California will not be over the Santa Fe.

The 15th of March found us home safe with friends. We want to visit California again, but make Nebraska our home.

MRS ALMA E. EWING.
Wood River, Neb.

UTAH LETTER.

The fame of the City of the Saints is universal. This prominence is largely due to the peculiar religious views held by its founders. Salt Lake City, situated eighteen miles from the lake was founded by the Mormons after their exodus from Nauvoo, Ill. Brigham Young with 150 men arrived in the valley July 24, 1847. The church arrived in installments, and has continued to come from all parts of the earth ever since.

Its situation, half-way between Omaha and the Pacific coast, and on the great continental railway lines, an altitude of 4,200 feet, its encircling mountain range, rich in untold mineral wealth, an inexhaustible supply of pure [illegible] water, and a climate above reproach, all unite to make a pleasant thriving city, and to insure one unmistably great in the future. The present population is 65,000, and with climate, situation, resources and people of the best, no city in the United States has a brighter outlook.

The question of finance is one in which Zion feels a keen and intelligent interest. The silver subject so affects the entire West, that what is true of one point is true of the section. Since the demonetization of silver business in all lines has fallen off from forty to sixty per cent. The old question of state's rights seems to have made a general sweep, and crept even into the minds of those in the g. o. p.

That the general government has a right to stultify the growth, and to kill or make dormant the industries of a great section by cutting off the source of its greatest wealth is unquestionable; but, quoting the forceful rather than elegant language of a Nebraska man, whether—because one has the chance—he can give that as a good reason for making an unmitigated ass of himself might be doubtful,—the conduct of the general government and some people one may meet even in Nebraska to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Without exception all parties are in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one. The people of Utah deem Jeff Davis an ignoramus, a villian and a traitor; but many add, compared with Cleveland, he was a scholar, a gentleman, and a patriot. Politics here is in an extremely chaotic state. Until two years ago the parties were known as the people's and the liberals, which meant Mormons and non-Mormons. Now the national parties, at least nominally, exist, both great parties lying awake nights planning overtures to the church by which to secure its vote. The democrats succeeded two years ago. The republicans, with Frank Cannon at their head, succeeded this. If consistency is still a jewel it is one with a setting in many places.

For five years the schools here have been the best having for city superintendent a man of broad culture and refined mind, a man who can and does fill a large place; who leaves nothing undone to bring the schools up to the highest standard in the United States. A corps of more than 250 able teachers, with special supervisors of superior ability in every department of work, tells the story of Salt Lake City schools.

The people are a large hearted, progressive class. The Mormons are strangely like other people in every way. I have visited homes of culture and refinement in which may be seen all the appointments of wealth—rare collections of books, pictures and curiosities. They are frank and kind in their reception of strangers, and lovely and genial when you become a friend. The children—the writer cannot get very far away from the children anywhere—are just the same here as elsewhere. Just as dear, good and beautiful; and just as bright. There are more in a family here, so they sharpen their wits by contact. There is much sunshine and many flowers here, too, so that they seem to grow like them. "Utah's best crop" they are often called, and truly so.

Of one little boy now in school a friend tells, that having said his prayers and been safely tucked in bed his mother left him alone. Soon a strange sound brought her on tip-toe to the door, through which she could see by the bedside a white robed, kneeling figure. "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling." "Why, Johnnie, what are you doing?" "Mamma, I forgot to pray for Tom Caper who had his leg cut off by a car to-day. I thought the Lord might be off listening to some other little boy so I was just ringing him up." There are many little boys and girls in North Platte by whom the writer would enjoy being "Rung up."

MELL FORSYTHE.
Salt Lake, April 28, '95.

A Word from Mrs. Goudy.

PERU, NEB., April 30, 1895.

MY DEAR MISS PECKHAM:

Ever since leaving you at North Platte I have tried to get a half hour even for a little article for the Woman's Edition of the North Platte paper.

You know from my personal explanation of the failure to receive your letter promptly and know personally of the [illegible] of the [illegible] my time [illegible]

Please convey to the ladies my earnest appreciation of their remembrance of me and the assurance that I truly feel that there are no people in the state for whom I would rather do some service than for these North Platte friends. The people among whom I did my first away from home work and who have at all times since had my most grateful love and appreciation for all their kindnesses and helpfulness during my stay among them. That they should have remembered me through all these years since, with all their varied and separate interests, is to me a source of joy and help more than can be told to sustain a faith in people and in the belief of true human friendship which rise above purely personal interests.

There are many reasons why North Platte and its old-time friends have a place in my heart which no other place or people can ever have.

The places which have been made and the work done by many whom I knew there as children and whose very position in the school rooms I so distinctly remember, is certainly a source of pride to the people and to any who may have been connected with their lives.

Please convey to the management my heartiest greeting of good will and for full success in this effort with regrets at not being able to add some little mite of help to an enterprise with which I consider it an honor to have my name connected.

Yours truly,
ALICE E. D. GOUDY.

Folly as it Flies.

"This man," remarked the asylum attendant, "is the most complicated case in the institution. He started with a mild attack of the Napoleon revival, struck the Trilby craze at its inception, and this soon developed into a mania for duplicate whist. Now the poor fellow imagines he can see some lucidity in the ideas of of those publishers who turn their papers over to female editors. The experts pronounce his case incurable."—Washington Post.

This is a good an investment as you can make, madam," said the enthusiastic bicycle agent. "Not only does it cost nothing feed, but if you ever become famous you can make back all you paid by writing up your experiences in learning to ride."—Indianapolis Journal.